

MARVEL®
11th May 91

THE REAL

NO152 55p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

FREE
Matlow's
REFRESHER!

REFRESHER



ISSN 0954-9404

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REFRESHER!

RESHE



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19 >



You're probably already munching your way through the fantastic FREE Swizzels-Matlow Refresher on this issue's spectacularly spooky cover, but there's not only a treat on the outside of the comic, the inside's pretty amazing too!

The house-moving business is bad enough at the best of times, but Peter and Slimer hit the roof when they are confronted with a beastly building that has a bad case of shivering timbers! Find out how they cope with this mobile home in **House Re-Possession!**

Something seems to be taking up all the free spaces in the car park – and gobbling up anyone that tries to park there, car and all! The frights are lined up bumper to bumper when you steer your way to the **Creepy Car Park!**

Next in line **The Real Ghostbusters** find themselves bogged down by a swamp creature that's even slimier than Slimer, in the second part of **Doom In the Dumps!** Don't forget, there's another ectoplasmically exciting edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** next week, which will have a fantastic toy competition in it – so see you in seven!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



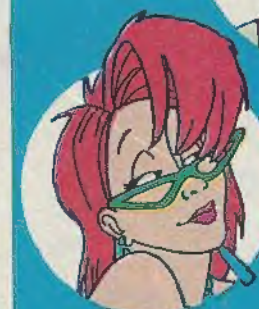
EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

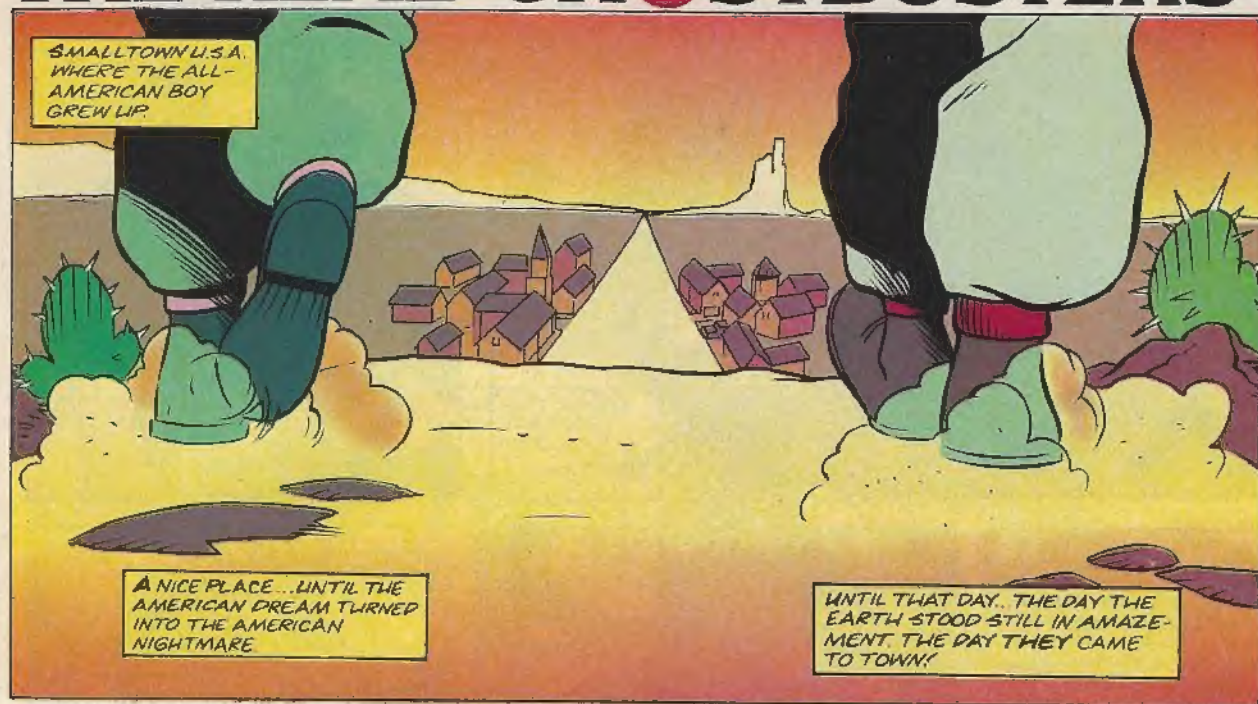


JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

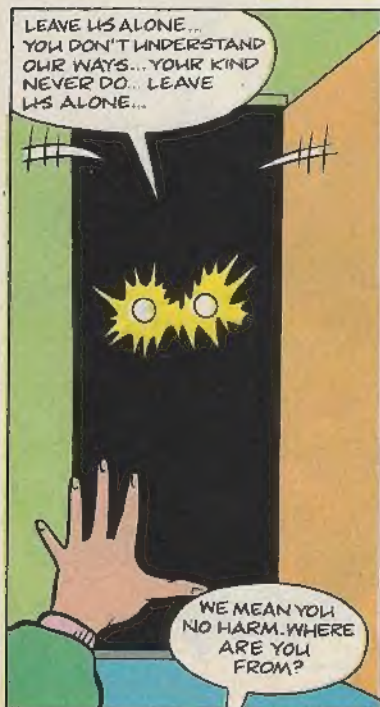
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

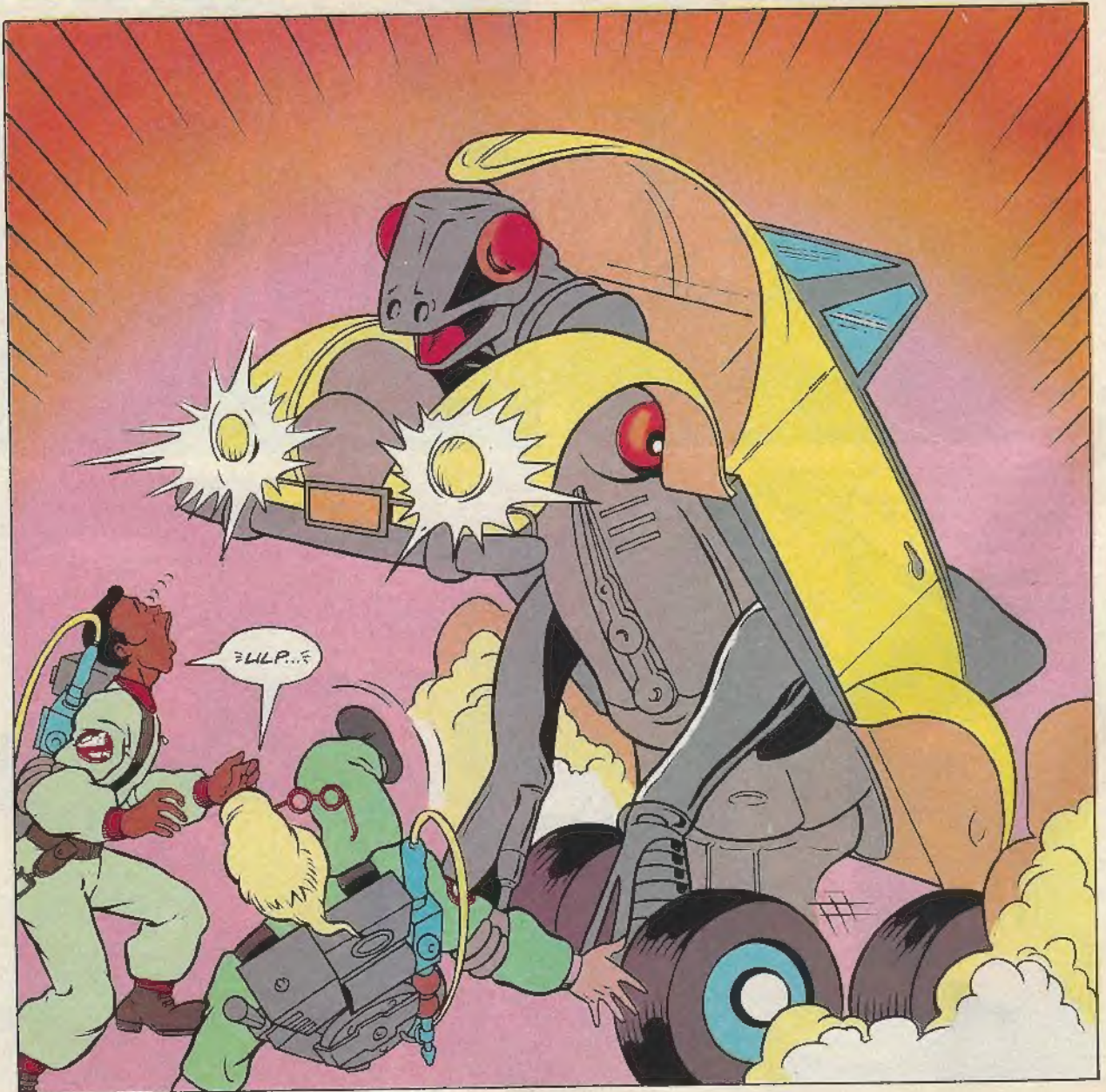
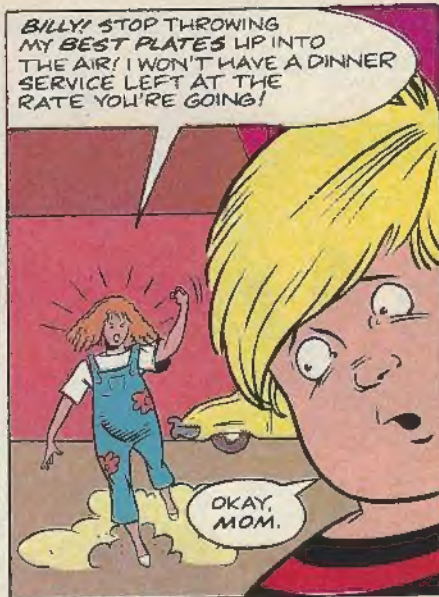


INVASION OF THE BUGGY SNATCHERS!









MY CO-PILOT AND I CRASH LANDED HERE A WHILE BACK. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO REPAIR OUR SHIP TO GET OUT OF HERE.

SAY, YOU COULDN'T GIVE A HAND JUMP STARTING OUR SAUCER WITH YOUR PROTON PACKS, COULD YOU? WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK ON ALTAIR LIGHT YEARS AGO...

WE KNOW THE FEELING.

THE PEOPLE HERE ARE SO WEIRD.



AND SO...

WELL, THERE THEY GO.

IT'S SAD THAT THEY FOUND PEOPLE SO STRANGE THAT THEY HAD TO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS EVERYDAY OBJECTS, LIKE CARS, JUST TO GO UNNOTICED.

HI GUYS! WELL, DID THIS PLACE TURN OUT TO BE WEIRDSVILLE, U.S.A.?

SURE DID, RAY. EVEN WITHOUT THE MONSTERS IN IT.

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SMALLVILLE, U.S.A. POP 193.

JUST GET US OUT OF HERE, RAY. THESE EARTH CREATURES ARE CRAZY!

EGON? WHAT DID WINSTON MEAN BY THAT?

DON'T WORRY, ER RAY! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CHECKED UNDER THE BONNET...?



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FAVOURITE
CARTOON
CHARACTERS!



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**CARTOON
TIME**

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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



People often ask me to detail the standard operating procedures that we Ghostbusters use when approaching, say, a haunted house. I often wonder why they do this, because I'm usually buying a burger off them, or waiting behind them in the Post Office queue, but people (as the inhabitants of the Supercosmos are so fond of saying) are a funny bunch of things. So then, for all of you out there who want an insight into the working practices of professional paranormalogists, here is the textbook method and procedures for beginning a bust.

1. The first thing to check, on approaching a haunted house, is that you've got the right address. There's nothing more embarrassing than going through points 2 to 14, only to have the confused looking man in the cardigan with his feet up watching television say 'oh no, you want next door'.

2. Do not sit in the car outside for half an hour saying things like 'looks pretty nasty to me' and 'I'd rather not go in there unless I have to' and 'actually, I feel a bit peckish ... let's get a pizza first'. You'll have to go in eventually. Just get it over with.

PART 152

3. Forget completely the old phrase 'as safe as houses'.

4. Once inside the hallway, run a PKE check, a temperature check and a Sniffer check.

5. Go back to the car for the Sniffer.

6. On your way to the car, think up either a good way of blaming the Sniffer being left at home on another member of the team, or think up something really nasty you reckon you saw creeping about on the roof to make the others wish it had been them who'd stepped outside for a breath of fresh air rather than be cooped up in a haunted

house full of gibbering toad-demons.

7. Once back inside, energetically join in the argument about exactly what the PKE readings mean.

8. Turn the argument round to the question of who should go upstairs first.

9. Remind the others of your dodgy house.

10. Find a particularly fascinating piece of fungi to examine near the front door. Let the others go on ahead.

11. Stay downstairs and listen to the mayhem. Play the old Ghostbuster guessing game of 'How much wattage are they using?'

12. Sympathise with them when they come back downstairs. Offer to carry the smoking Trap back to the car.

13. Recommend a good dry cleaners to them.

14. Explain how you lost your wallet as you're queueing up at the Pizza Parlour. Simple, huh? I am indebted to Doctor Peter Venkman for his advice and suggestions in preparing this article. See you next week, next to fungi, by the front door.

HOUSE RE-POSSESSION!



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

We've all heard of moving house, but when one not only moves but actually chases Peter and Slimer, they are not exactly a-mews-ed . . .

Goodman Bigboddy III straightened the massive tie, that lay across rather than down his ample stomach, with a huge hand that seemed encrusted with giant signet rings, and looked questioningly at Peter. 'What do you think, then, bud?' He asked in his thick Texan accent.

For a moment, Peter thought he meant the tie. It had fascinated Peter since the moment he had set eyes on the enormous property developer. It was as wide as a dinner plate, and the pattern was so lurid it looked like a slice of lino from the floor of a busy paint factory. Just as he was about to reply with a sentence involving the words 'paint', 'busy' and 'extraordinary', Peter realised that Bigboddy was in fact talking about the brand new housing development that was spread out in the valley below them. He swallowed slowly, and then said 'Well, yes, it's. . .big.'

'Bigboddy for a Big Future!' exclaimed the large Texan, the corners of his mighty toothy smile nearly reaching the bottoms of his sunglasses. 'We're building for a larger America! There're fifty thousand desirable suburban residences down in that valley, all with the latest in labour-saving gadgets, all designed with the big family in mind. That's prime living down there, bud, ten million bucks worth of investment.'

'So what seems to be the problem?' Peter asked, still taking in the bit about ten billion dollars.

'Come along with me, and I'll show you,' replied Bigboddy. 'Your boy can come along too, if he likes.'

Bigboddy started to walk off. Peter and Slimer looked at each other confusedly. 'He's not my. . .' Peter began, but then thought better of it. Bigboddy's sunglasses were obviously a little too dark.

They followed the huge man down into the massive housing estate, along the neat and empty pathways with their brand new picket fences and their freshly laid lawns,

past row upon row of absolutely new, identical houses. Then they reached one that wasn't.

'There's the problem,' said Bigboddy. 'What we call in the building trade 'Bad Bricks'.'

Peter and Slimer stared at the problem. It was a small detached house of a completely different design to the others. It was dirty and ill-kept, with peeling paint and sooty, broken windows. Spiders had run up their own curtains inside the sills. Black, sulphurous smog pumped up out of the rickety chimney, near which a ruffled, cross-looking raven perched. The picket fence looked like it had been made by a blind man with a blunt jig saw and erected by a lazy workman in a gale. The lawn, it seemed, had been used as a motor-cross track. A sad-looking 'For Sale' notice sagged amid the weeds. On the gate (which was lying on the pavement) was a sign which read **NO HAWKERS, SALESMEN OR CALLERS. TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT, MINCED AND EATEN.** The sign looked like it had been painted in ketchup, or. . .

'The smoke would indicate,' said Peter carefully, 'that there's somebody living in this house.'

'You'd be wrong there, boy,' remarked Bigboddy. 'Ain't no one living in it at all. This was our showhome, you see, our pride and joy. Then this happened. We got an exorcist in last week, but that didn't come to much. That's why I called you and your son to come take a look.'

'What, er, happened to the exorcist?' Peter asked.

'You'll see,' said Bigboddy. 'I'll catch you later.' With that, he hurried away down the street as if he had somewhere else important to be.

Peter turned to Slimer. 'Let's get it over with,' he said. They stepped over the gate and onto the garden path. As they did so, the house quivered and shook a little. They took a few paces forward. The house

rocked and groaned and rattled. Its upstairs windows seemed to blink at them like eyes, and the front door swung open like a cavernous mouth.

'Uh-oh,' said Peter, ready with his Proton Gun.

'You saidy-weddy it, buddy buddy buddy,' added Slimer.

The house went for them.

Up on the hill, Bigboddy heard the commotion down below in the estate just as he reached his waiting limousine. He turned to look down into the valley. Between the rows of houses, he could make out two figures, one large and one small, dashing hither and thither with a snarling house thundering along after them. They crossed streets and lawns, went down back alleys, doubled back and tried again. All the while the house was behind them like a raging . . . house.

'Maybe I should've told them about that,' mused Bigboddy. 'Sure put the bejabbers into that exorcist fellow. Heck, it puts the bejabbers into me. Ain't natural for a house to do that. I feel almost sorry for the pair of them. Sure, and the boy didn't look too pleased about it. He looked quite green with fear.'

Just about that moment, Peter was looking about as green as Slimer. He was tired and out of breath and it hurt to keep running, but he knew he had to. Right behind them was the monstrous demon-house, charging along, snarling and wailing and slamming its front door open and shut in ominous biting movements.

Suddenly Peter stumbled and fell. He could feel the hot breath of the house monster on his neck as it closed to pounce on him, but at the last minute, he was flying.

'I must be dead,' he thought. 'I'm an angel. Hmm, this is nice. I can see the whole estate from here.'

Slimer put Peter down carefully on the roof of a nearby house. Peter took stock of the situation, reconsidered his 'I must be dead' first impression and thanked Slimer warmly. Down below, the frustrated demon house cowered and barked around

the edges of the house, occasionally leaping up and snapping at them with its front door.

They waited for a few minutes while Peter got his breath back and Slimer pulled faces at the barking house beneath them. Then the house scurried away and disappeared out of sight round the corner of the street. 'Huh?' queried Peter and Slimer together. Then the house came back with a ladder.

'This,' admitted Peter to his ghostly companion, 'is getting silly.'

The demon house leaned the ladder against the side of the other house and tested the first rung with a gingerly outstretched doorstep.

Peter, who had reached that inevitable point in a bad bust called 'just about enough', unhooked a Ghost Trap. He swung it round his head in the way a cowboy would swing a lasso. As the demon house began to climb the ladder, Peter let go of the trap, activating it as he did so, and it curled through the air in a glorious arc and disappeared down the chimney of the demon house.

When Bigboddy came to find them, they were sitting in the empty plot where the demon-house had originally been.

'Finished?' asked Bigboddy. Peter nodded. Slimer finished writing 'Busted' in slime across the For Sale notice.

'By the way,' said Peter, as they walked towards the car. 'That's one nasty tie you've got there.'

Bigboddy looked down at his tie. 'Why, thank you,' he said.

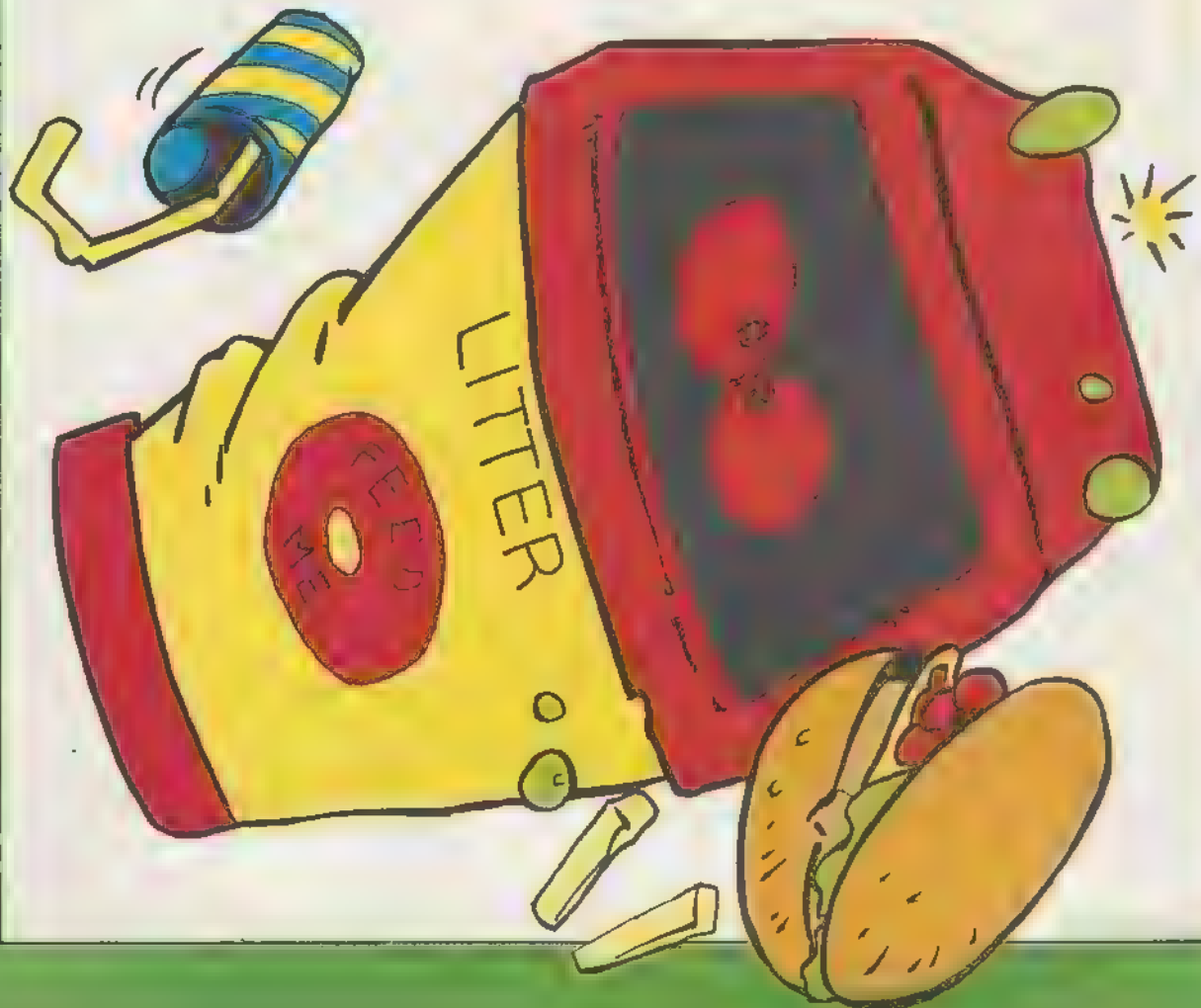


BURGER BIN BEASTIE

It was Timmy's birthday and Bigger Burgers, home of the biggest, most burnt burgers under the bun was the 'joint' chosen as a special treat. Celebrations were hampered, however, when the order of 16 double-fat burgers, 4 triple cheese multi-storeys and 20 mega fries disappeared before Johnny's eyes as he passed the Litter Bin. Mrs Monitor didn't swallow the story until she heard for herself the chomp, chomp, rattle sounds

coming from the direction of the dustbin.

The Real Ghostbusters were called upon to find out what the 'beef' was with the haunted bin, and Peter was just about to deliver his own speciality when Egon pointed out that the P.K.E. reading was not at a normal Poltergeist level! Wouldn't you know it, Slimer secretly slipped from the litter lair, making this one occasion where the Ghostbusters had 'bin' had!



THEY'RE HERE!!



HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
ON SALE
2ND MAY
FROM
MARVEL

THE

MONSTER

IN MY POCKET™

GANG!

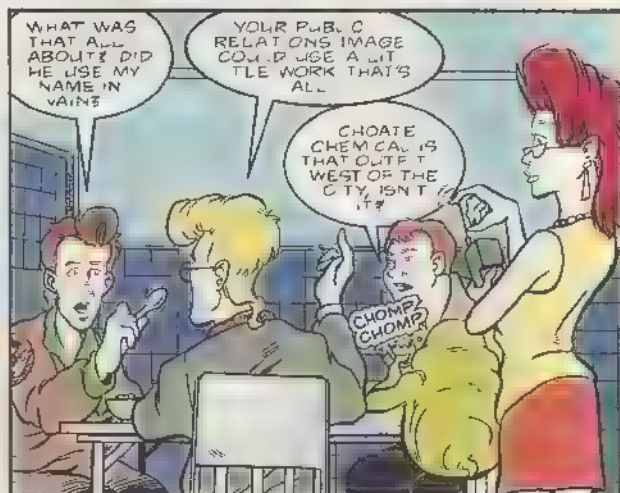
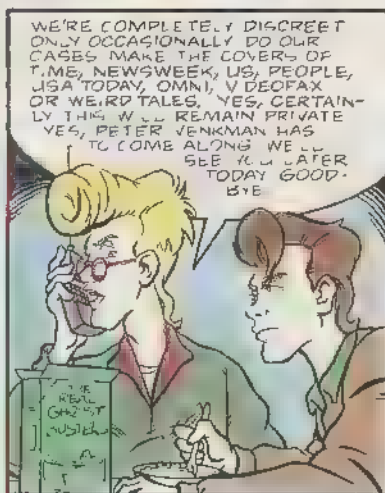
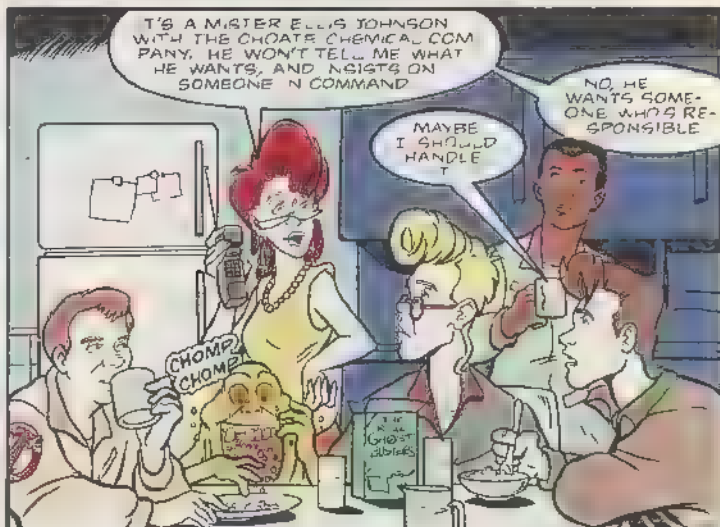
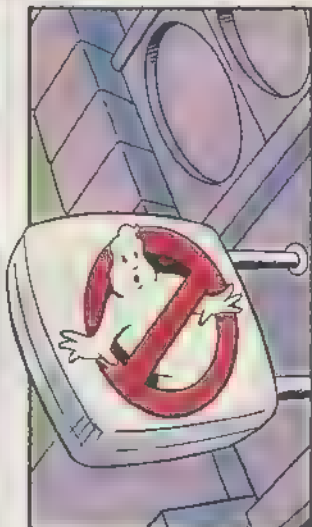
THEY'RE NEW... THEY'RE AWESOME... THEY'RE SOULISHY...
AND THEY'RE ONE INCH TALL... AND WHAT'S MORE...
THERE'S DOZENS OF THEM!

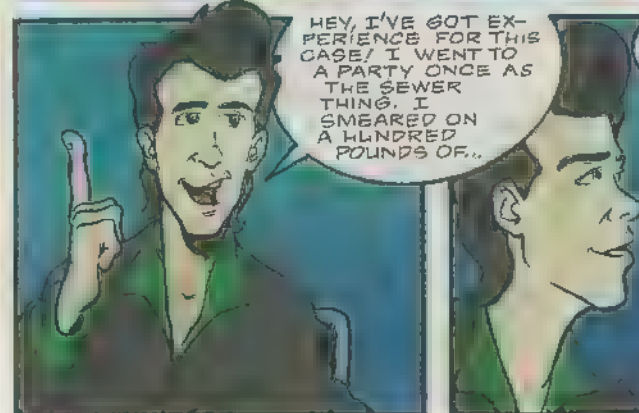
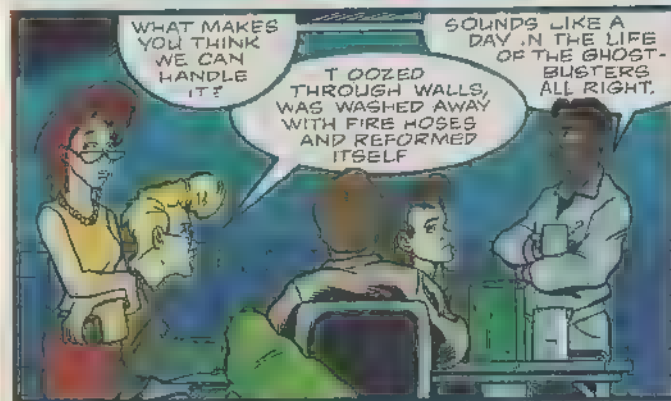
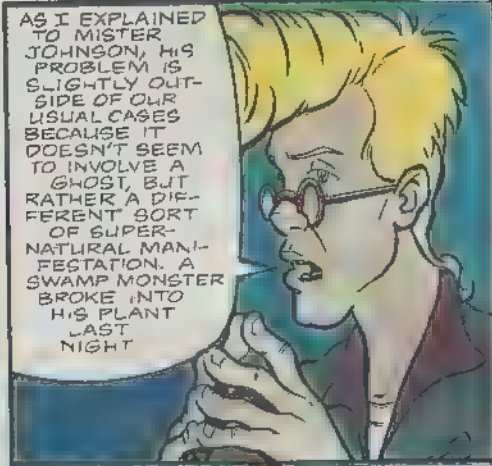
WILL THEY SAVE HUMANITY, OR DESTROY IT?

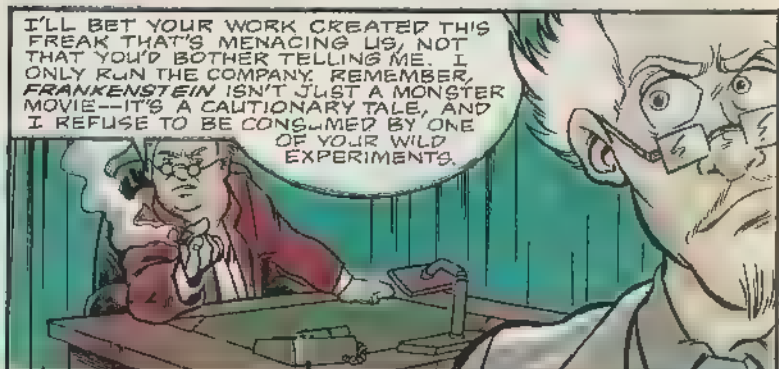
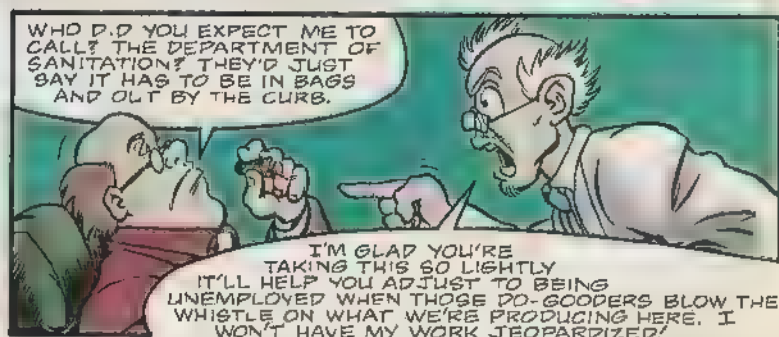
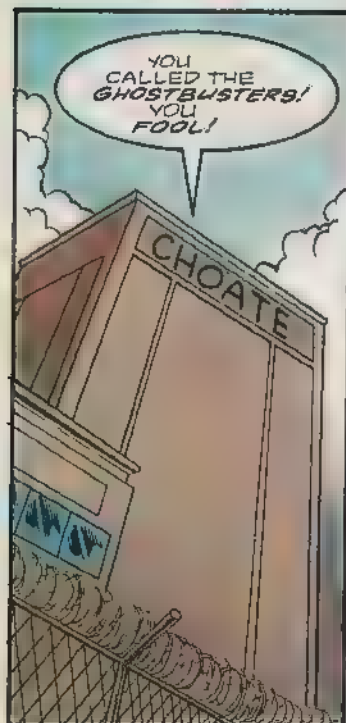
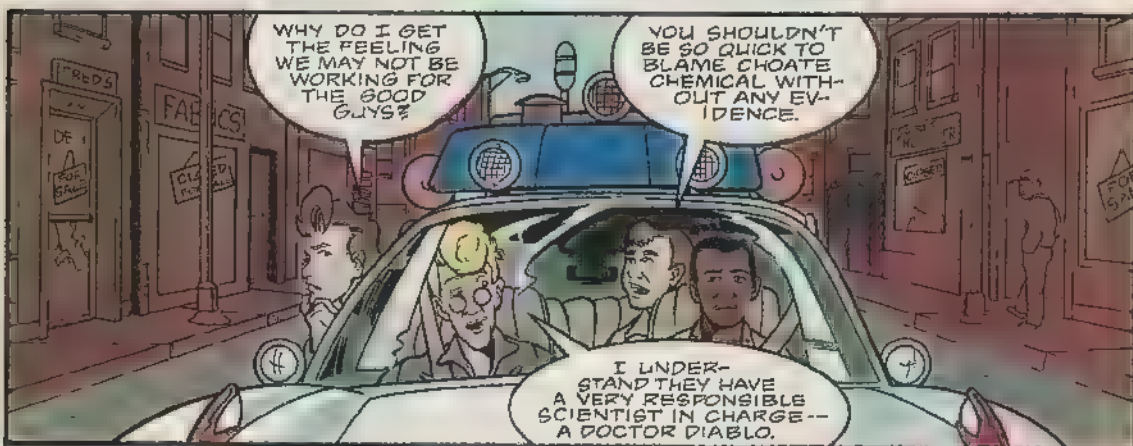
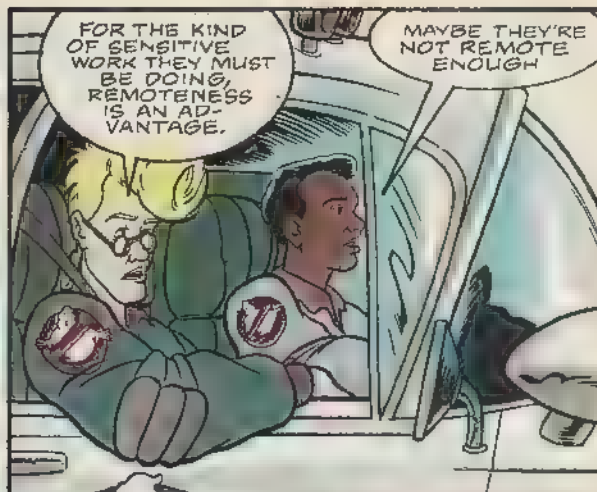
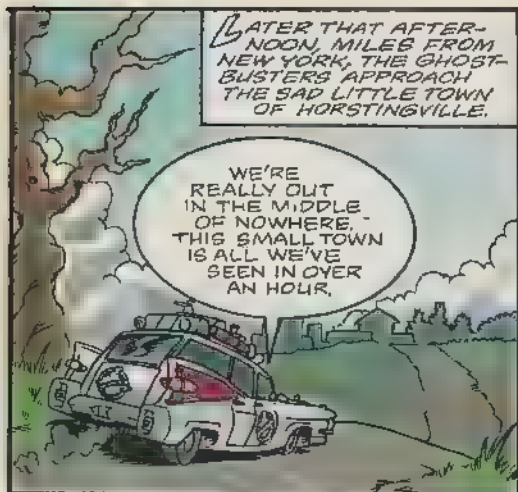
YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!!

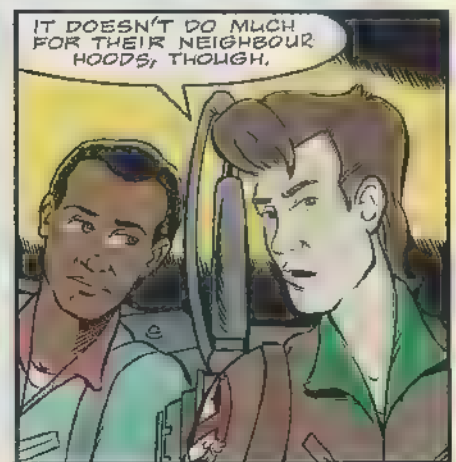
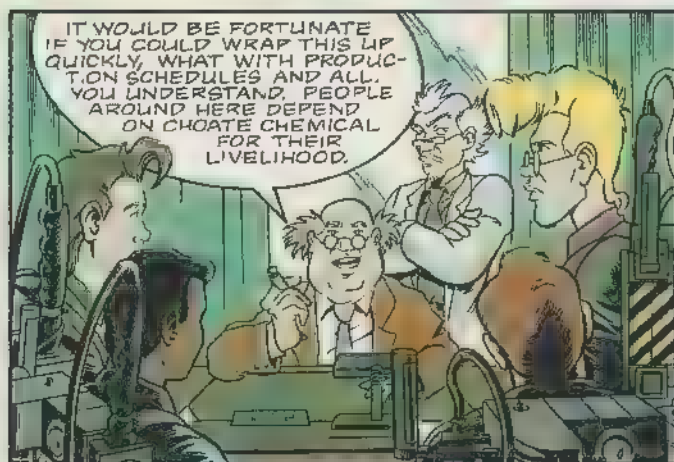
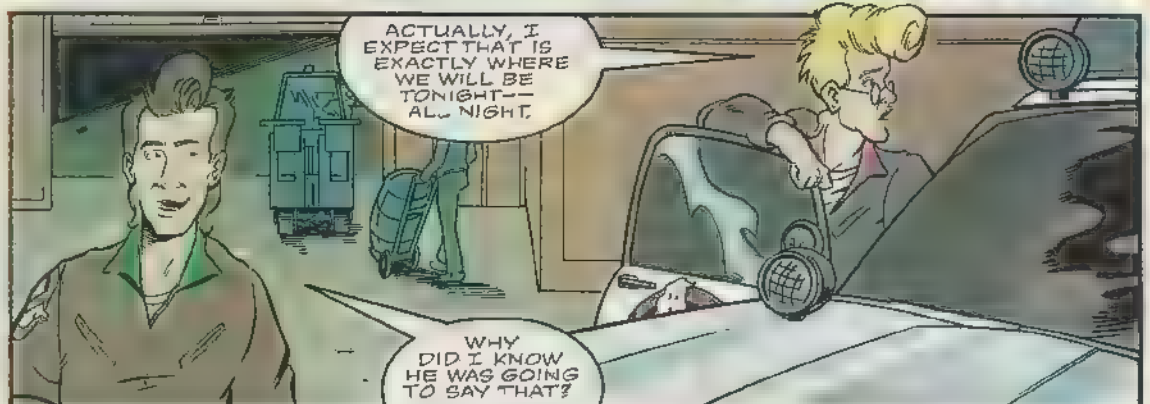
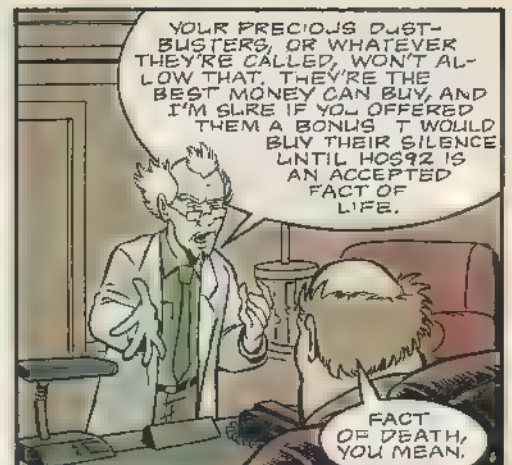
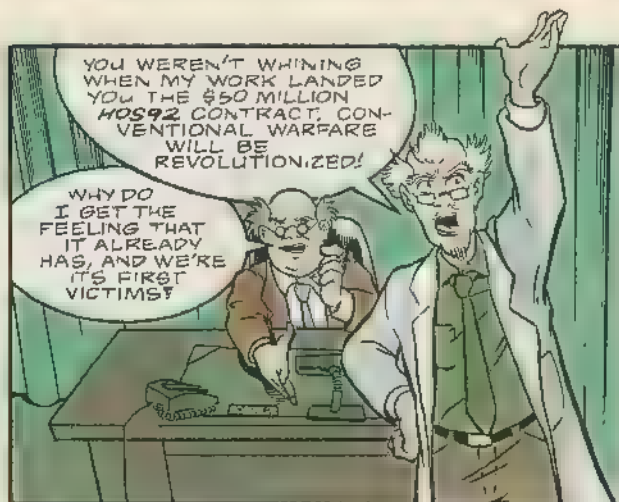
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

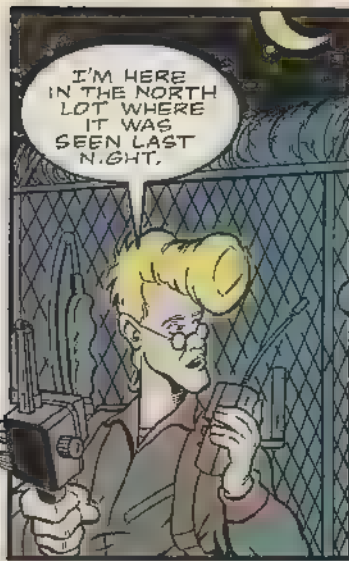
PART TWO: Some nuclear waste from the Choate Chemical Company has created a swamp monster from the nearby marshes.







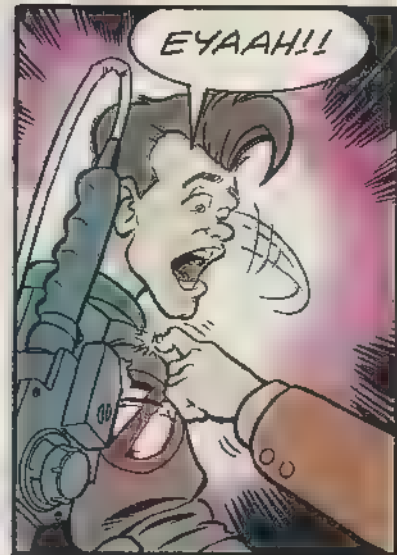




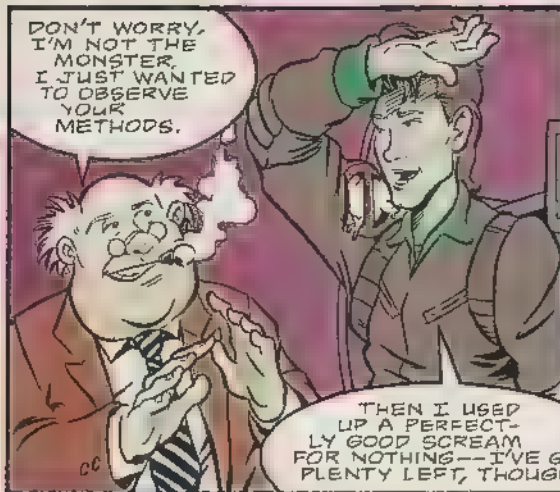
I'M HERE
IN THE NORTH
LOT WHERE
IT WAS
SEEN LAST
NIGHT.



I'M HERE ON
THE WEST SIDE
WHERE I HOPE
IT WON'T BE
SEEN AT ALL
TONIGHT...



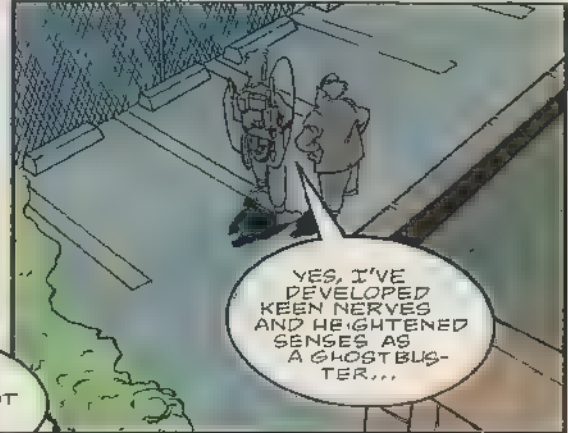
EYAAH!!



DON'T WORRY,
I'M NOT THE
MONSTER.
I JUST WANTED
TO OBSERVE
YOUR
METHODS.

THEN I USED
UP A PERFECT-
LY GOOD SCREAM
FOR NOTHING--I'VE GOT
PLENTY LEFT, THOUGH.

DEEP IN CONVERSATION ABOUT HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT, PETER DOESN'T NOTICE SOMETHING GOING PAST HIS OUTPOST.



YES, I'VE
DEVELOPED
KEEN NERVES
AND HEIGHTENED
SENSES AS
A GHOSTBUS-
TER...



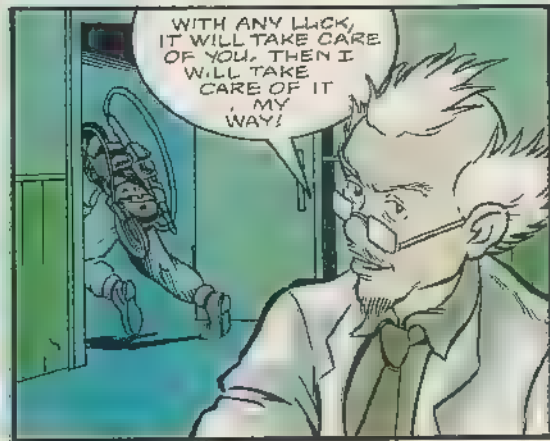
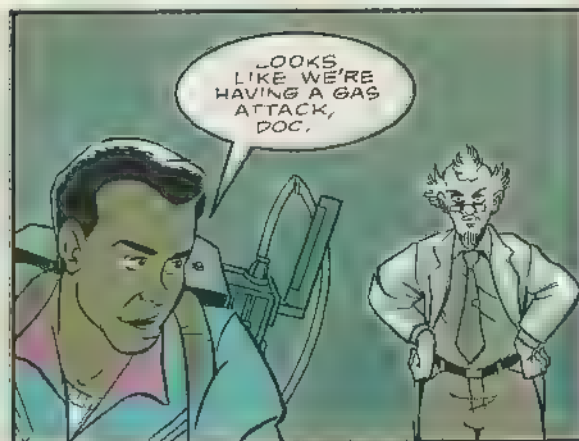
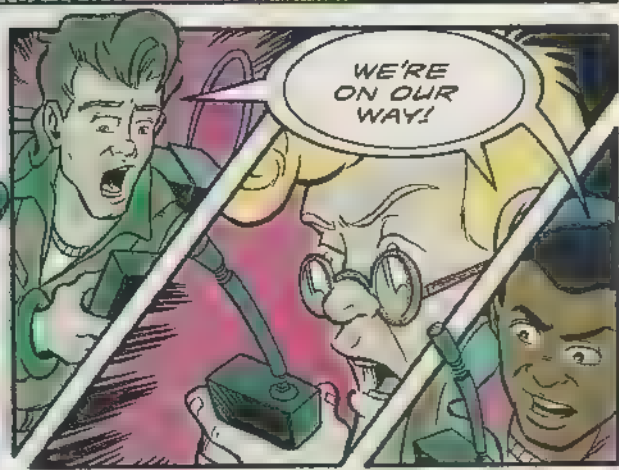
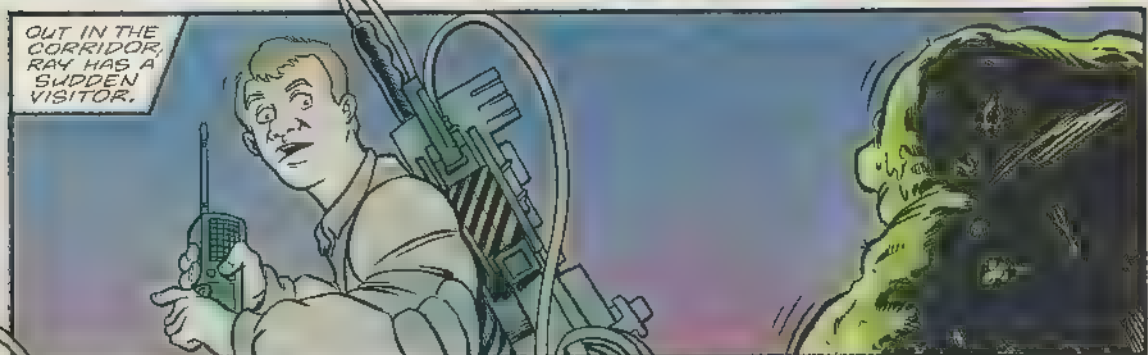
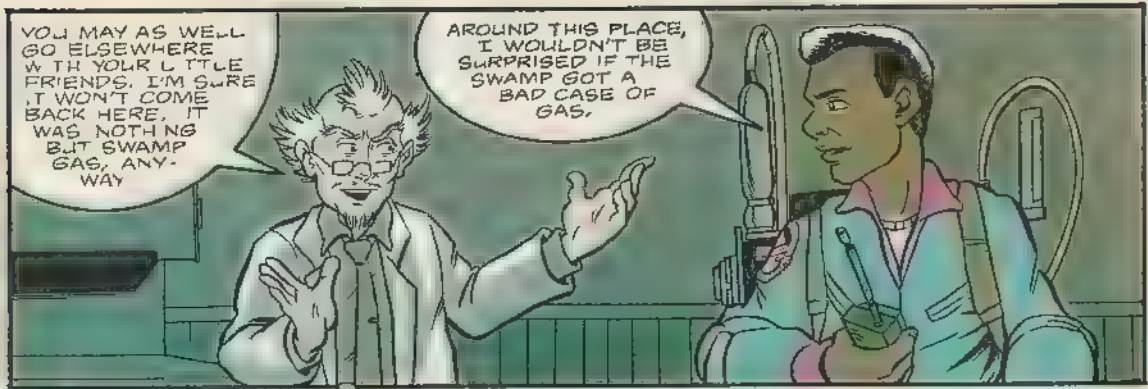
NOTHING
GETS
BY ME.

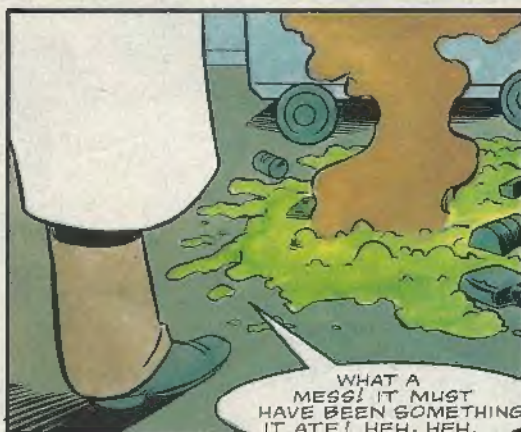
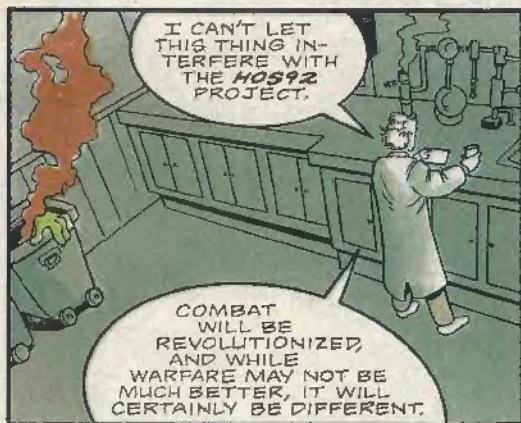


WINSTON, YOU
READ ME IN
THE LAB?



LOUD AND CLEAR
DOCTOR DIABLO WANTS
ME TO LEAVE. I THINK
IT'S MORE THAN JUST
BEIN' AFRAID I'LL
BREAK HIS TEST TUBES
HE KNOWS SOME-
THING ABOUT ALL
THIS, I'M SURE
OF IT





FANTASTIC **FREE** GHOSTBUSTERS BOOK MARK



FANTASTIC **FREE** GHOSTBUSTERS BOOK MARK

MARVEL
NO 5
APRIL / MAY

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER

PACKED
WITH
PUZZLES!



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE **28th MARCH**

DEAD TRUE!



n the east and the south-east coasts of England, fishermen are always on the lookout for a famous phantom schooner called the *Lady Lovibond* – the reason being that legend has it that many sailors have met their deaths on the feared Goodwin Sands after having seen the ghost ship. On February 13th, 1748, the *Lady Lovibond* ran aground on the Sands and sank with all hands. A wedding party were on board, consisting of Captain Simon Peel, his bride and several of their guests. The story told is that the first mate, who was in love with the bride, killed Peel in a jealous frenzy and then steered the ship to its doom. Exactly fifty years later, another schooner, identical to the *Lady Lovibond*, also ran aground in Good-

win Sands. This time, witnesses claimed that the ship vanished into thin air! The ghostly vision appeared to another ship's crew again, fifty years later to the day, and again, fifty years after that. Why does the spectre appear with such peculiar regularity? There is another famous phantom ship which appears off Rhode Island, in North America. This one, *The Palantine*, left Holland in 1752, chock-a-block with colonists heading for Philadelphia. There was a terrible storm, the captain was lost overboard, and when the ship blew off course, the crew, panic-stricken, decided to mutiny. The next day, which was Christmas Day, was one of confusion and fear for the passengers. Two days later, the ship ran aground on rocks off Block Island and began to fall apart! Local people clambered

onto *The Palantine* and helped the passengers off before taking everything of value for themselves! Their frenzied looting over, the people set the boat on fire and pushed it back out to sea. They watched as it blazed, floating off into the distance. But then suddenly, the crowd of thieving spectators and rescued passengers gasped in horror. A woman had been hiding on the boat and had run out onto the deck, screaming with all her might. By now, the ship was too far away to reach in time to save the woman, and so the spectators could do nothing but stand and watch, helplessly, as the flames engulfed the ship. Ever since then, there have been numerous sightings of the ghostly ship off the New England coast, flames rising from bow to stern, and the creepy cries of the doomed woman.

IT'S RAINING SLIME!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

IN JUST 7 DAYS

